

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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That Wicked Telephone.

"I guess I had my telephone took out of my house," said a resident of the eastern part of the city as he took a seat beside Manager Jackson the other day.

"Anything wrong?"

"Yes, everything is wrong," was the doleful answer.

"Perhaps the battery needs more water?"

"Well, may be so, but I don't keep no track of dot. You see I vhas down to my pennies a good deal. In der morning, after I vhas gone a leedle white, somepody rings about sixteen hundred times and scares my old voman half to death. She asks who vhas here, and somepody answers: 'Hello! Shake, vhas dot you? Say, Shake, how about dot letter gal dot wrote you dot letter? Hal hal hal! Und dot makes my wife so mad dot she shumps oop uml down and pulls her hair, and when I comes home she goes for me like some tigers. Vhas dot der right vhay to put up some shobs on a man?"

"No, of course not."

"Und pokey quack after dot someboly else rings oop my house too many times, and my vwife almost faints avay. When she asks who vhas here someboly answers: 'Say, Shake, I saw you riding owl mit your white on der Lake road last Sunday! Doan' be afraid I doan' give him away! Und den my vwife vhas madt enough to huet in two, und when I comes home she strikes at me mit der teaport. Do you call him telephone convenience?"

"I call it a shame, sir."

"Well, some odder times somepody goes rrrr ring-ing-ring like tunder, und my vwife vhas as pale ash a bed-quilt. She thinks dot vhas some occidant to me, or some steamboat blowed oop mit her sister. Her heart peats like it would shump out on der floor, und when she asks who was killed, somepody answers: 'Is dot Shake? Say, Shake, how much you gif dot policeman to keep still on you, eh! Ah! dot vhas a fine racket, Shake, but if der oddt voman drops out it you vhas gone oop like some Gilderoy's kite! Deu my vwife she vhas madt some more, und she packs oop her trunks, und she vhas all ready to go when I comes home. Vhas dot some more convenience by electricity?"

"I shall certainly look into the matter. Such things must be stop ped."

"Und sometimes somepody rings softly, shuet like cats, und my vwife wants to know who vhas dot? Mel! Who vhas me? Katie! Who vhas Katie? Vhy, Shake, doan' you know dot viddy vhomans you met on der boat? Say, Shake, how vhas der oddt vhomans, to day? Und how vhas dot on me, when I goes home? Und how can I make der oddt vhomans relief I vvas in my saloon all der time, und dot I doan't know some viddy vhomans from a load of hay? I tell you, Misser Shackson, dot telephone preaks oop my family if I doan' look out. Eafery day it is 'Hello! Shake!' und eafery evening when I comes home it is some more crying und talking like I vhas der worst man in Detroit."

He was promised speedy und permanent relief, und as he backed up stairs to the sidewalk, he said:

"Vhell, dot makes me feel like I vhas happy. If somepody vhas to 'Hello! Shake!' on me, let him come to my saloon. I gif him some telephone convenience so he vhas lame for six months!"—[Detroit Free Press.]

A "newspaper man" is one who has been writing editorials for eighteen or twenty years. A "journalist" is one who began reporting about a week ago.—[Philadelphia News. Now tell us what a "representative of the press" is.—[Louisville Argus. A masculine coat sleeve encircling a number twenty corset properly adjusted to an animated specimen of the genus homo-feminine gender.—[Masonic Home Journal.]

STREET TALK.—"How much better you look, Mrs. B?" "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure. Have not felt so well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and is worth \$50 a bottle to any one that has the catarrh."

Some Press Comments.

Indignation meetings ought to be held all over Kentucky on account of Governor Blackburn's wanton abuse of the pardoning power. The people of the State should let the world know that although Dr. Blackburn is our Governor in fact, he is not in sentiment. Hasten the day when this figurehead at Frankfort, who has done Kentucky more injury than all the criminals in it combined, step down and out.—[Owensboro Messenger.]

Governor Blackburn is a disgrace to the State and to the high office he holds. It will be a great relief when his term expires and the State is relieved of him and his weak or corrupt advisers. It is all both to talk about "our big-hearted Governor." If ever the truth comes to light about this pardoning business it will be found that they are based on a solid consideration, much greater than the \$2 paid the Assistant Secretary of State for writing the pardons.—[Nelson Record.]

It was not Governor Blackburn's fault that Kentucky was not captured by the republicans at the late election. His granting pardons to Dave Ferguson, the thief, Grove Kennedy, the murderer, and Ben Garrity, the fraudulent claims swindler, on the eve of the election, was an act not calculated to win the confidence of law-abiding people to the wisdom and integrity of democratic administration of State affairs. Thank God his term is near its end. His administration has been a disgrace to the State, and he will leave the office he has cheapened and prostituted unregretted, unhonored and unloved. We have never yet made the republican party a gift, but if it will accept Governor Blackburn, the Lord knows it is heartily welcome to him.—[Breckinridge News.]

Don't Sell It To Them.

One day a young man entered the bar room of a village tavern and called for a drink.

"No," said the landlord, "you had the delirium tremens once, and I can't sell you any more."

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered; and the landlord waited on them very politely. The other stood silent and sullen, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and addressed him as follows:

"Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man of fair prospects. Now at the age of twenty-eight I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now, sell me a few more glasses and your work will be done. I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me, and let me die, and let the world get rid of me; but for heaven's sake sell no more to them."

POSTAL NOTES.—It is only a short time before the public will have the new postal notes, the limit of their preparation being September 3. They will prove to be a great convenience, as the sender can transmit any sum from one cent to five dollars. The New York Tribune illustrates the convenience of the new arrangement by stating that "a lady living out of town who wants to send \$3.75 to a dry goods store in New York will hand that sum, and 3 cents fee, to the postmaster. He will give her an order with the figure three punched in the dollar column, the figure seven in the column of dimes, and the figure nine in the column of cents. This is simple and easy, and offers no chance for fraud."

Yesterday morning, when Col. Thos. Z. Morrow awoke, he nudged his sleeping wife with his elbow. "What is it, Thomas?" she asked. "My dear," he replied, "I want to inform you that you are lying by the side of a gentleman who, yesterday, came within one of being Governor of Kentucky." "I shaw!" Mrs. M. exclaimed, as she turned over on her side to resume her slumber, "that's Knott the best joke you ever got off."—[Breckinridge News, Aug. 8th.]

The cheapest and simplest gymnasium in the world—one that will exercise every muscle and bone in the body—is a flat piece of steel, notched on one side, fitted tightly into a wooden frame and after being greased on both sides with a bacon rind, rubbed into a stick of wood laid lengthwise in a saw-buck.—[Com. Gazette.]

John J. Reynolds, Flemingsburg, Ky., says: "I have numerous good reports from the use of Brown's Iron Bitters."

A Frank Country Landlord.

"Do you make much money here from summer boarders?" The venerable cutter of the grass looked pityingly at me over the tops of his glasses, as he replied: "We farmers don't invite these folks out to the country 'cause we want society. Oh, no; we don't take in city boarders to lose money. I got a round dozen, all women and children, up to my house, and the house ain't very big, nuther. I get \$72 a week out of them 'ere folks, and I reckon I make \$40 a week out of 'em."

"Does not the bracing air give them heavy appetites?" I inquired. "Stuff and nonsense. Why, when they first come you'd think they'd never had nuthin' to eat; they want to eat all the time. When we first took boarders I kinder held in on 'em, but I found a trick worth two of that. I just let 'em pour down all the milk they want and eat all the apples they can, and pretty soon the milk makes them hillyus and the apples give them the colic, and then they settle down kinder steady like. I'm generally about \$300 ahead at the end of the season. I must get out here," added the old man as we were in front of a pleasant farm house. "Come down to prayer meetin' to night," I thanked the old man and promised to attend, but failed to keep my promise.

The First Woman in Camp.

June 30 was a day of jollification at Carbonate, Col., being the advent of the first wagon, the first woman and the first board from the mill. It would have been interesting to the reader to witness the electrifying effect on the men in the camp when word was passed along the line that a woman was coming. Long before she was within a mile of the camp, knots of men were gathered here and there watching, looking in the direction from whence the wagon was to come. As she hove in sight each one gathered around his camp, as when an alarm had been sounded in a prairie-dog town. When within a few yards of the outside habitation the woman alighted, and accompanied by her husband, proceeded to the County Clerk's office. (It had been advertised that the donation of a town lot would be given the first woman who came in.) Curious eyes were watching her every step as she approached the Clerk's quarters. But the crowd which had gathered around the office for mail received respectfully each side of the entrance.—[Denver News.]

A fruitful source of damage done to boilers, and one which has ruined thousands, is the practice of blowing a boiler off and immediately refilling it with cold water, while the brick-work is red hot. The Age of Steel believes that nothing will tear a boiler to pieces quicker than this. Boilers have exploded with disastrous effect from this cause after the fire had been drawn. Probably most persons not familiar with the matter would be surprised to know the pertinacity with which cold water will cling to the lowest point of a boiler under these circumstances. Local contraction of such severity is thus induced that nothing can withstand its effects, and a few repetitions are generally sufficient to ruin any boiler.

OVER THE OCEAN ON WHEELS.—A dispatch from London, dated July 29, says that Terry, the man who left Dover at 9 o'clock yesterday morning on a floating tricycle, crossed the English Channel and arrived safely at Calais at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. His machine was a tricycle of two side wheels of large diameter and one steering wheel of smaller diameter, each of them buoyant by a hollow composition of water-tight material. The propelling power was his own legs, the larger wheels being furnished with paddles at proper distances on their peripheries.

A traveling man, noticing a pretty girl alone in a car, went over in her direction, and smilingly asked: "Is this seat engaged, miss?" "No, sir, but I am, and he is going to get on at the next station."

"Oh—ah—indeed—thanks—beg pardon"—and he picked up his feet, after stumbling over them, and went into the smoking car to be alone a while.—[Merchant Traveler.]

The school-boy who had been wrestling with latin and with his first chew of tobacco, said he did not want another quid now for it would keep him so sepper.—[Bowling Green Gazette.]

John O'Brien, Louisville, says: "I have found Brown's Iron Bitters to be a perfect remedy for kidney complaint and constipation."

A Business Son.

"Yes, there's a heap o' difference in boys," replied the old man, as he tied up a bag of oats. "There's my son John, for instance. Everybody beats him in hoss trades, swindles him on a watch dicker, and leaves him out in the cold when he farms on sheers. It's good hearted, but there's no business about him. If I had to depend upon John I'd die in the poor house."

He wrestled the bag aside, seized another, and continued: "And there was my son Philip—as keen as a razor—eyes wide open, and so sharp that no man in New Jersey dare offer him a pair of old boots for a \$380 hoss for fear of being cheated."

"Is he dead?" "Yes, he's gone; and that was the sharpest trick of all. He found he had got consumption, and what did he do but hunt up a life insurance agent, take out a \$5,000 policy, gave his note for the premium, and come and fall off a load of hay and run a pitchfork clear through him. Some sons would have hung on and doctor'd around and wanted currant jelly and chicken soup for eighteen months; but that wasn't Phil. No sir. He didn't even ask for anything better'n a \$20 tombstone, and he said I needn't git that unless the marble cutter would trade even up for a blind calf."—[Wall Street News.]

A queer old gentleman went about the great shops, and especially the jewelers', of Paris. He would no sooner go out than another and younger man would come in. The latter would ask if anything had been missed. Investigation would always show that something was gone. The young man would pay the bill and explain. The old gentleman was his master, and was very rich, but, alas he was a kleptomaniac. He could not keep himself from pocketing things. He had employed the young man to follow him and pay immediately for all that he took. The young man, before departing, would leave his card and address, saying, "should he happen to get something, and I not be about, send me the bill." A shrewd jeweler thought he would pluck this pigeon. He put a ring of great price in his way. It disappeared. This time the young man did not arrive to settle. The bill was sent. No reply was made to it. The young man and the old man were never heard of again. They were a couple of professional thieves.

When the Sheriff and his posse came upon the Daniels gang of outlaws in ambush recently in Arkansas, they dismounted and moved on the enemy. They forgot, however, to count off in fours and leave every fourth man to hold horses, and when they opened fire their horses became frightened and ran off, and as the posse had left their cartridges in their saddle-pockets, they were out of ammunition and had to retire from the conflict and by the time the horses were caught the outlaws were gone, and their trail was so cold that the dogs could not catch it. One of the posse was killed and two wounded.

This is the way the Boston Herald (Republican) speaks of President Arthur: "Gen. Arthur, with all his amiable personal qualities, is not of the stuff of which the American people wish to make their President. He has filled the gap acceptably—so much better than was expected of him as to deceive partial friends and unthinking people with the idea that the country regards him as a statesman. It does nothing of the sort. It looks upon him as a 'good fellow' and a gentleman, who is doing the best he can in very trying circumstances."

Mr. Emerson wrote to a friend in 1829: "I suppose that prosperity is always dangerous, especially for the young. In college I used to echo an ejaculation of my wise aunt: 'Oh, blessed poverty! when I saw young men of fine capabilities, whose only and fatal disadvantage was wealth.'"

Queen Victoria married Prince Albert Wettin. Although devoted to each other, the royal pair for years occupied separate night-apartments, as the Queen declared she couldn't sleep with Albert Wettin in the bed.—[Glasgow Times.]

This is a coffee drinking Nation. For the fiscal year of 1882-3 the people of the United States consumed 460,000,000 pounds of coffee, for which they paid nearly \$50,000,000.

Carter's Little Liver Pills will positively cure sick headache and prevent its return. This is not talk, but truth. One pill a day. To be had of all druggists. See advertisement.

DARBY'S PROPHYLACTIC FLUID.

A Household Article for Universal Family Use.

Eradicates MALARIA. For Scarlet and Typhoid Fevers, Diphtheria, Scurvy, Ulcerated Sore Throat, Small Pox, Measles, and all Contagious Diseases. Persons waiting on the sick should use it freely. Scarlet Fever has never been known to spread where the Fluid was used. Yellow Fever has been cured with it after black vomit had taken place. The worst cases of Diphtheria yield to it.

SMALL-POX and PITTING OF Small Pox PREVENTED. A member of my family was taken with Small Pox. I used the Fluid, the patient was a delicate woman, was not pitted, and was about the house again in three weeks, and no others had it.—J. W. Frazar, Union, Philadelphia.

Diphtheria Prevented. The physicians here use Darby's Fluid very successfully in the treatment of Diphtheria. A. C. Lawrence, Greensboro, Ala.

Scour Fever Cured. I used the Fluid during my present affliction with Scour Fever with decided advantage. It is indispensable to the sick-room. Wm. F. Sampson, Erie, Ala.

Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn. I testify to the most excellent qualities of Prof. Darby's Prophylactic Fluid. As a disinfectant and detergent it is both theoretically and practically superior to any preparation with which I am acquainted.—N. T. Lott, Prof. Chemistry.

Darby's Fluid is Recommended by: Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; Rev. Chas. F. Doolittle, D. D., Church of the Strangers, N. Y.; Hon. L. L. Columbia, Prof. University, S. C.; Rev. A. J. Barry, Prof. University; Rev. Geo. F. Dwyer, Bishop M. Church.

INDISPENSIBLE TO EVERY HOME. Used internally or externally for Man or Beast. The Fluid is thoroughly tested, and we have abundant evidence that it has done everything here claimed. For full information get of your Druggist a pamphlet or send to the proprietor, J. H. ZELIN & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, PHILADELPHIA.

There is a good deal of truth in the following, which we copy from an exchange: "Does it not seem very strange when you think of it, dear reader, that, considering how very bad people feel over the death of loved ones, when they present a lengthy obituary notice to the local newspaper man for publication, and learn that pay will be required, almost instantly they extraordinary love and respect for the departed cools to below the freezing point? Alas, alas too many good people are willing the newspaper shall bear all the expense of applauding the good deeds of their friends and relatives. This is not right."

Uses of the guide book: "What do you want, boy?" "Ma sent me after the tourist's guide." "Sure your mother sent you?" "Oh yes, and she wants to know the name of the best hotel at Long Branch and the price per day." "Going to the sea shore?" "No, sir; we're going out to spend two weeks in the country at my Uncle William's, but ma wants to post up on Long Branch and be able to tell everybody what hotel we stopped at and how expensive it was."

A bachelor who was tired of a single life set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself, and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as often as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates, and surveyed the prospect. He is still a bachelor.—[Woman's Journal.]

The reliability and excellence of the Westinghouse Brake has become so well established by use on passenger cars that it is now being extensively applied to freight cars. We are informed that the Westinghouse Company now has orders to fit up sixty thousand freight cars with the brake.

"Shakey," said a Chatham-street clothier to his son on Friday morning as he saw a song-and-dance man coming, "mark up everythings a caworter of a tollar, und I put out a sign, 'Trade tollars taken here vor a humilert cents.'"

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denton's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedial methods in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Walter, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample box free of charge.

There is nothing more certain than the use of Brown's Expectant for a severe cough, which will ultimately lead to Consumption or Chronic Bronchitis, if not cured. It takes when the cough is first contracted a few doses will convince you of its merit. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Walter, Mt. Vernon.

Rev. C. B. Marshall, formerly pastor of Fourth Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis, says he has used Brown's Expectant for years in his family, and he had of all druggists. See advertisement.

M'ROBERTS & STAGG

DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACEUTISTS,

Opera House Block, - - - Stanford, Ky.,

DEALERS IN—

Drugs, Chemicals, Wall Paper, Wines, Musical Instruments, Stationery, Books, Liquors, Pocket Cutlery, Paints, Oils, Stationery, Cigars, Tobacco, Soap, Perfumery, Fire Arms, Machine Needles.

Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks Promptly and in the best style.

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HON. ALBERT GALLATIN TALBOTT is announced in this issue as a candidate for the Speakership of the Lower House of the next Legislature. That he is eminently fitted for the position by experience in parliamentary bodies, is shown in the fact that he has served two years in the Kentucky Legislature, four years in the State Senate, four years in Congress and was a member of the State Constitutional Convention. His election, almost by acclamation, a few days ago to the Legislature by his constituents in Boyle was a compliment of the most telling kind; and his friends wish to see him further honored with the office to which he is now aspiring. Col. Talbott is 75 years old but is as active as most men are at 50 and his mind is as bright as it ever was. He has always been a hard man to beat and we predict that he will be the next speaker or give the confounding man a good deal of trouble.

"From all that we can learn, and that is a good deal, the Louisville papers are doing some tell lying about the Great Southern Exposition. It may be a big thing after awhile, but at present the exhibition is entirely on paper."—[Stanford Interior Journal.]

The editor of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, whose characteristics are candor and courage, ought not to let himself be led into an error. When the Exposition opened every Louisville paper, we believe, stated that it was incomplete. In two weeks it has been completed. If there is any visitor who comes, either to be amused or entertained, and says he is disappointed, the Commercial will refund him his money. It is the largest, the most varied and complete exhibition of manufactures, arts and sciences ever given in this country outside of Philadelphia. The musical features are better than any other Exposition ever offered. The editor of the INTERIOR JOURNAL is invited to attend himself and see if this is not true and his other information more superfluous grumbling.—[Louisville Commercial.]

All right brother Allison, we shall be down in a few days and if we find the exhibition as good as we know we will since you have said it, it's our treat to chewing gum. And when we get back look out for a big free advertisement.

The New York Sun is endeavoring to start a boom for Hon. William S. Holman, of Indiana. Of him it says: "Holman is naturally a reformer, and reform is the great business now to be accomplished. He is an economist. He is a strict constructionist. He never compromises his principles, and he never varies from the line of duty. If he were President, the government would experience a radical change, and the effect of his presence in the White House would be felt for many and many a year after he had left. This, we think, is the kind of man who is now especially needed; and we do not know another in the whole ranks of the democratic party who, in the qualities and characteristics that should go to make up the desirable candidate for 1894, is the superior of William S. Holman."

OFFICIAL returns from all the counties but eight give Procter Knott a majority of 43,571. Should the remaining counties go as in 1879, Knott's majority will be 44,713, a gain of nearly two thousand over the Blackburn majority. "Without the eight counties the total vote for Knott is 129,191, Morrow 85,620. The 120,000 republicans that their speakers claimed, do not seem to have turned up, hey Mr. Bradley?

THE Hopkinsville South Kentuckians call on Gov. Knott to make the issuance of a Thanksgiving proclamation one of his first duties after inauguration, so that the people may rejoice that the days of the Blackburn dynasty are ended. We second the brother's motion. The deliverance from the hand of such a creature will certainly be an event for general rejoicing by the people of the State.

KEEP it before the eyes of Billy Bradley & Co., that Knott's majority is in the neighborhood of 45,000 and that there will be just 15 republicans less in the next Legislature than in the last. Verily William would have gone to Colorado sooner had he the true interest of his party at heart.

CLARA BELL says the "labeled crazy" among the girls is to keep their handkerchiefs in their bosoms. "Well they are as good as cotton so far as they go, and if they use them in the plural number they will supply all the deficiency, so far as can be detected from outward appearances."

THE "poor nigger" on the State ticket was so fearfully scratched by the republicans that Mr. Cecil's majority begins to look like it will reach 100,000. The average republican cares nothing for the man and brother beyond what he can use him for his own selfish ends.

BUSH NEWTON, of the Richmond Herald, is so much like Phil Thompson that he had to wear a sign labelled "We are not Phil Thompson." It's a good idea old fellow. We would dislike to see you shot down by the man who would avenge the murder of Walter Davis.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The telegraph her strike is about at an end.

—There were 1,715 deaths in Egypt in two days of cholera.

—Lexington is to have a locomotive works with a capital of \$500,000.

—The New York republicans will hold their State convention at Richfield Springs September 19.

—Milward's livery stable and a number of houses adjoining were burned at Lexington, Wednesday evening.

—Owing to the absence of witnesses the trial of Neal has been continued. The law's delays will induce the mob spirit again.

—Postmaster Gresham will save from \$30,000 to \$40,000 on the Postal Guide by cutting out the padding and unimportant matter.

—The U. S. authorities will not permit the fight between Mitchell and Slade to take place in Indian Territory, as has been arranged.

—It is said that Blackburn will pardon Tom Crittenden, the cowardly murderer of the negro witness. If he does he ought to be hung.

—On the Island of Ichia springs are drying up and smoke is issuing from fissures in the ground. Another earthquake is greatly feared.

—Mrs. Charles Kohlach pitched her husband into the canal at Trenton, N. J., and then jumped in herself. The woman was drowned but the man rescued.

—In Central Virginia the first rain for five weeks fell yesterday. Injury, which it is feared is irreparable, has been done by the long drought to corn and tobacco.

—William Perry, a Lexington colored boy, bet that he could cross the track before the engine could catch him. His lost not only his bet but his head. The engine caught him.

—Mrs. W. B. Allison, wife of U. S. Senator Allison, drowned herself in the Mississippi at Dubuque, Ia. a few nights ago. It is said that the fact that she had no children drove her crazy.

—The failure of Ballou & Co., New York bankers, caused considerable excitement on Wall street Tuesday. The firm claim they will be straightened out in a few days. Their liabilities are \$2,000,000.

—Thursday morning a fine mare worth \$200 and a horse worth \$125, belonging to Mrs. L. A. Dawson, residing on Pleasant Run, in this county, were struck by lightning and killed.—[Lebanon Standard.]

—A private insane asylum in Faling, Eng., has been destroyed by fire. Many of the inmates were badly burned, and five of them perished. Dr. Boyd, the proprietor, and his son lost their lives in trying to save the inmates.

—There was another murder in Cincinnati Wednesday night. "Fox" Anderson killed Charles Marshall in front of the Four's Engine-house. The murdered man was a murderer, and his murderer has killed him before.

—If one speech from Col. Billy O'Bradley reduced the republican majority 708 votes in Christian county, how many speeches would it have taken to have wiped out the whole party? Republicans who are good in figures may work out the problem.—[Hopkinsville South Kentuckian.]

—Thompson Marion, the wealthiest citizen in Allen county, Ky., became insane and disappeared. His derangement is due to a railroad indebtedness. Allen county incurred, which has greatly disturbed him for several months. Tuesday he was found in the woods covered up with leaves and on being questioned, said he hid for fear of being killed court-day.

—Another man has called upon the editor and found him in. It was in Washington this time. A big, burly brute named Fitzgerald attacked Gen. Boynton, the Washington correspondent of a morning contemporary, and the general planted his No. 10 boot where it did a great deal of good. Long may he have his foot around an appropriate door mat.

LINCOLN COUNTY.

Hustonsville.

—Alarmed by your threat in Tuesday's issue, that you will disinherit all your correspondents, I hasten to confession. In behalf of others I can only plead their native laziness. For myself the defense is: First: Since the days of Sleepy Hollow in its most lethargic state there has been no place on the map of the universe so soulless as this. The enterprise, the energy, the vitality of the community were all used up during the festivities of the Fair and the excitement of the election. The cloudless shock of a thunder peal from a cloudless sky would not surprise us into even a momentary activity. The long roll of an earthquake calling to arms the howling hosts of subterranean powers would scarce disturb our dreamless slumbers; hence we have no events to chronicle. Second: Our nature modestly forbids that we should parade before your weary readers the trivial matters which, however interesting in our own particular latitude and to the denizens of our unsophisticated suburban regions, can have no attraction for the thousands who look to the newspaper for something fresh and rare and racy; and Third: Conscience cries out against the crime of consuming the time of compositors, proof readers and pressmen, the wear of type, the expenditure of ink and the waste of paper over such twaddle as must of necessity be the contribution of the village scribbler.

—Went kind waking up. Born Aug. 9, to Mrs. Ben King, a girl. Aug. 12, to Mrs. G. C. Lyon, a girl. Aug. 14, to Mrs. Robt. Jones, a girl.

—Misses Ida, Lizzie and Blanche Twidwell, escorted by Mr. J. Q. K. Napier, left for Cumberland Falls on Wednesday. Joseph Page, Sr., and his son Joe, Jr., have gone to Adair county to visit friends.

—Matt McKinney, of Randolph county, Missouri, is here visiting relatives. Miss Gough, of Clark county is with Miss May Thompson. Miss Lilla Porter, of Lexington, is with her sister, Mrs. Doe Hester.

—There is one topic of much interest in this and the adjoining counties that I can not refuse it a brief allusion. You will not deny me space, Mr. Editor, for a word in reference to the Rev. W. T. Tyng whose sudden death is recorded in your last issue.

Comparatively young, active, earnest in his calling, effective in his labors, and hopeful as to the grand results of his mission he was suddenly called to his reward by finding entry on his reward. But this is a noble record. Consecrated to the humble office of the ministry he deeply loved his work. Whether in the populous city or in the most sequestered rural recesses, in the gorgeous pulpit or in the grove which "were God's first temple," with the same untiring zeal, with the same honest simplicity he held forth the offer of Salvation.

The handsome new Baptist church in Hustonsville stands as a memorial of his zeal and efficiency. Hundreds of humble Christians in all the surrounding country hold his memory enshrined in their hearts. A faithful soldier has fallen—fallen with his armor on, and in his hand the honor of his King.

BEYOND THE OCEAN'S WAVE

"PRAISE THE LORD"

102 SHAKELWELL LANE,

DALSTON, LONDON, E. July 27th, 1893.

Dear Brother:

On the night of Thursday the 19th, the day after our return from Scotland, being the meeting in Brunswick Chapel. This is a small brick edifice erected by a gentleman named Wood, whose property interests lie in the vicinity, and who has a heart for something besides accumulation.

New Songster is the name of the suburb, which is as yet sparsely built up, and really, very few people within easy reach of the little meeting-house. However, the dear LORD, who again and again turned aside from the great "multitude" and wrought for one soul, showed us very plainly it was our next place after Dalkeith, and we cheerfully entered upon the mission.

The chapel is quite a little architectural gem, almost like a "toy" church, holding about 200 all told, and compared with the Dalkeith Corn Exchange a very small affair indeed. Beyond the children's meeting last Sunday, when every dear child confessed the Savior, 75 or 80 in all, the work has been chiefly confined to Christians. Altogether 121 have confessed the dear Name to date, which, almost includes every unconverted and backslidden person in attendance. We expect to hold on until next Sunday, doing what we can to build up and encourage the dear children of the Father, who can carry on the work on the same line, after we are gone.

The meeting has already drawn out some grand workers, and we are very glad the dear LORD sent us to Brunswick Chapel. I hope in my next to tell of the meeting closing in fullest blessing.

Next Sunday week "if the LORD will" we are to begin in Hackney, a district even more needy than Hoxton or Stratford Le Bow. There we are to have a large church, with full liberty. The pastor goes to the sea-side, leaving everything to us to be led as the LORD may direct. He is in thorough sympathy with our gospel, lacking the bodily healing, and we anticipate a blessed gathering of the poor. We do not know how the LORD will put in the next week for us, but it will be something good and gracious, we are sure. The LORD has lovingly provided for us during the "heated term" in August, by a kind offer that only come to us last night. Our Highgate friends, the Bartletts, are all going to Paris for a month and offer us the use of their airy and delightful house just as it stands, servants and all, with no expense but for the table. This will be a great saving in our household economy, with an elevation of temperature exactly that of the hall on St. Paul's Cathedral, lifting us quite above the ordinary London atmosphere, which just now is rather odoriferous and perhaps unwholesome. After 12 o'clock we close our windows tightly, for the steaming breath of sleeping London seems to get impacted and taken on an offensiveness that is not noticeable in daylight and the busy air that appears to keep it from settling as it does after midnight. We shall be quite out of this at Highgate, by long odds the pleasantest and most elevated suburb of the great city. The railway trains make all as convenient for the Hackney meeting as from Dalton. How good in the dear LORD thus to provide for us, so that our work can go on in something like comfort even during the month when all who are able flee the city in "hot haste" emphatically. At present there are no signs of a "heated term" at all. We light fires every morning in the little dining room, and only let them go out about noon. But when the heat does come it will only be the more unbearable. It may be that there is Cholera in store for London this summer. I am no croaker, but I shouldn't wonder at all, if it comes. Thank the dear LORD we bear "charmed lives," who "keep" ourselves "in the love of God."

O why do any leave that sure and safe retreat?

England is just now thrilled with the loss of her plucky swimmer, the daring Capt. Webb, and forgets the folly of the century in admiration of the courage of the poor fellow who threw all upon the hazard of the "whirlpool" and lost. And men forget how common a thing that is, with a dearer, costlier thing than a bodily life, where souls sadly enter with a zest upon the lip the deadly current that bears them resistlessly and surely on to the dreadful turning point, where lies the awful "whirlpool" from which no swimmer has ever yet emerged with life. Oh these white hands and pallid faces, uplifted for a moment, before they disappear forever! How they haunt me! LORD give grace and consolation to keep on, "if by any means I may save some," who may yet be saved.

We took tea with the dear Bartletts last Wednesday, and had a stroll to the grave of "George Eliot," who lies in the Highgate Cemetery. The monument above her remains is a very homely gray granite shaft,

not over 10 feet in height, with gilt inscription as follows: "A woman immortal, who by her spirit in words made better by their presence."

Here lies the body of "George Eliot"—Mary Ann Cross, born 24th November, 1819, died 22nd December, 1880.

On the grass of the grave which has been flung demolished by loving or curious hands, some one has placed a glass flower plate, cross shaped with this inscription around it in letters formed from black glass beads "In Memoriam—A sleep in Jesus." The plate is empty and broken and some of the letters have disappeared—

to reappear in the collection of some connoisseur robber perhaps, and altogether one feels that the grave is neglected. The impression is a pathetic one to those who admire this wonderful woman, but quite in keeping with what must be considered the melancholy close of a tragic life. Poor, dear victim of a false theology—that number of the only God she had been taught to believe in, and thinking there was no other, like Carlyle, preferred to be written down a skeptic rather than subscribe to a loathsome creed. And really, I see no other honest course for one who knows not the God and Father of our LORD Jesus Christ. Poor soul! I pity them and hope for them "against hope" I dare not count them unbelievers. I dare not say "sleep in Jesus." That is a sentence that says too much and I hope will soon all disappear from her humble grave. But I can not believe the heart that gave out of its fulness the character of Dinah Morris is one the dear LORD will be compelled to pronounce saint for the companionship of the saved ones. She has gone "to her own place" as we all will go. Let us not say dogmatically where that is, for her, Michael Faraday and Dr. J. A. Hamilton are both interred at Highgate and I stood beside the humble monument of both, and thanked the dear LORD that both had lived to bless their generation.

Will you count me inconsistent or cross yourself dear reader in the horror of a recollection, if I also say that I looked with a deep interest upon the grave of Tom Sayre the conqueror of Heenan in the prize fight that every body condemned and every body read about with fascinated sympathy 30 years or so ago? He also lies in Highgate Cemetery, his tomb a plain tent-shaped box of stone with medallion portrait and inscription on the gable end, and on a projection right at his foot, the sculptured form of his favorite mastiff, that attended his funeral, and for days and days after his master was buried stalked solemnly through the open gates, none daring to molest the regulations strictly forbid dogs to enter the sacred enclosure, and sought the spot where the one he loved best lay buried, and then after patiently waiting for him to come back, would go away with every appearance of broken-hearted dejection. The stone figure of the mastiff in life size and a likeness, brown and rough except on the top of the head and tip of the nose, where the touch of ten thousand hands has worn white spots polished and shining as glass. The inscription above and below the medallion portrait of Sayre, runs: "Sacred to the memory of Thomas Sayre, Born at Mallico Brighton May 16th, 1826, and departed this life Nov. 8th, 1895." The face is rugged, but kind, though with an undeveloped forehead as compared with the more animal portions of the "human face divine." I can understand why his dog loved him, and his friends loved him. Poor fellow! I wish his English pluck and tenacity of purpose had been exerted in a nobler direction. Perhaps he never had the opportunities you and I have had dear reader. Let us pity poor Tom. He was a grand fellow in his way, and would have won Waterloo as well as "the Iron Duke."

And he been born above the prize ring. I am afraid I was far too much interested in reading the report of that great prize fight. I am sure that I read every round, with quite a zest, I wonder how many good people read of the way poor "Crib" was chewed up by his New York competitor and then said such things ought not to be put in print. The fact is, that there is an element of the combative in us all that feeds upon the exploits of the undaunted—be they men or dogs. That in the element in us—God implanted—that will feed upon wine's licks if better fare be not forthcoming—still vainly striving to fill a void. To this element our God appeals when He bids us "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," or cries out in the thick of life's battle, in a clarion voice, "Come up to the help of the LORD against the Mighty"—ye who would win Crowns. This element finds its true outlet in the "good fight of faith," finds also its highest sense of satisfaction in the words that wind up the battle "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my race, I have kept the faith." And the conclusion of the matter is simply this—I would not count much upon any one's religion as a lasting and effective principle who felt nothing stir within him but disgust at the indomitable courage with which the prize fighter takes his punishment, and then after a "sponge" or a rest upon his second's knee, "comes up to him" again, bruised, battered, bloody but unconquered. That is the way I want to fight the devil. May I "stick to him" as poor Tom Sayre "stuck to his man," and win as well as he. I learned some good lessons at Tom's humble grave. At all of which my friend of the "unconscious selfishness" will hold up protesting palms, and say, "That is too bad! Bro. Barnes believes in prize-fighters too as well as race-horses." And I reply—"The wise shall understand." Parables are for unfolding "the mysteries of the Kingdom;" to those who have good and honest hearts or who may serve a second purpose "seeing you shall see and not perceive; and hearing ye shall hear and not understand." So. If only I can get some dear fellow who admires "Crib" and "Tom Sayre" to think that I am one with him in that admiration and do not count it evil, but rather a hopeful sign, if only the spirit's admiration slopes not at those lower forms of courage, but goes on still stepping upwards, until it grapples with "principles and powers and wicked spirits in the heavens;" then the goal for which the dear LORD implanted the capacity at first, shall have been reached, and His voice will sweetly say, "Well done," brave heart, thou hast been "faithful in the few, I will make thee ruler in the many."

Let me in conclusion lovingly thank the dear, dear friends who have responded to my appeal for letters. Sisters Ilook and Gibson and Cochran, and Mary, and Saulley, and "Cousin Belle," and the one blessed brother in Brooklyn, have my hearty thanks for their charming letters. It is almost amusing to note how one and all begin with the full persuasion that their letters are quite needless. The fact is, we have been quite starved for letters since our arrival, because every body has been thinking every body else was attending to the matter. Which reminds me of the legend that "once upon a time," there was an agreement among all the inhabitants of earth to shout at the same moment, with such an exceedingly loud voice, that the very "man in the moon" should hear. And so chronometers were set, variations in latitude and longitude adjusted, all things set for exactly 12 o'clock, high noon, on the 1st of April. And lo, when the time came for the earth to be shaken with the noise of many voices, and the "man in the moon" was to be startled out of his wits by the uproar. The upshot of the affair was this, that never before in the world's history had there been a time of such perfect stillness. For lo, every man on earth was so curious to hear that mighty utterance and was so lost in desire to hear it for himself, undisturbed by the sound of his own voice, that he forbore to shout. And lo, no one uttered a sound. And that is why we starved for letters. Ever in Jesus, why we starved for letters. Ever in Jesus, (Geo. G. Barnes.)

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CUPID'S FIRST DIP.

BY ANNE L. COVIL.

Cupid one day said to a flower playing—
"Will you be mine, and I'll be your own—
To be the bright stream, by whose bank he was
Lying, laughing, and the boy could not swim.
He ventured his feet in a shallow hard by,
When the nymph of the stream, with sharp mocking
Cry,
Said, "Cupid, don't do that! In cautious or bold,
Jump in, or keep out,
If you doubt as I doubt,
You'll go home with a cough,
And the ladies will scoff—
For the very worst thing is for love to take cold."
Cupid, thus faulted, jumped in, nothing daunted;
"Well done," said the nymph to the boy;
"Once in the head and ears, boy, away with you
Lure—
The water the pleasure, the boy, the boy the joy!
To give you this kiss, sweet Cupid, I think,
With your little wings, too—I'm sure you're
A dove—
But, well, don't, don't, don't, don't,
The nymph said to him,
"Once in the head and ears,
Away with you, fear,
For now or never, the nymph determined, I think."

"FOR LOVE OF HIM."

"I," cried Haddie Winstanley, pitifully, "I a burden to my husband? Oh, Sarella! Sarella! for pity's sake don't say that!"

It was the day following the family loggia—that most dismal, dreary and intolerable of days, when the furniture was piled up in the echoing and uncarpeted rooms, the pictures turned blankly from their frames to the walls, the yawning chimney-piece destitute of crackling flames, while the dreary spring rain beat against the windows with a mournful and monotonous sound.

At the back of the little farm house the gnarled apple trees were striving to break out into bud and blossom, and a few faint-colored spring flowers lifted their golden heads above the grass and dead leaves, while at the front the restless billows of the Atlantic, tortured by the moaning wind, flung their fringes of foam high up on the shores, flights of sea-birds eddied overhead, and the low-hanging reach of leaden clouds shut out the misty shimmer of the horizon.

Haddie had wandered about the house all day wrapped in a shawl, looking about as forlorn as the dandelion and jonquils around, in the vain endeavor to find some habitable nook or corner where she could pore over her book.

She felt herself ill-used in the extreme—cast down, this sunny-haired, rose-lipped human fairy, in that all was not made smooth and easy to her little feet.

She had married Carlos Winstanley three months ago, supposing that she was entering into a human Eden through the golden circle of the wedding ring, and the bowery arches of the orange blossoms; and here, lo! and behold! she had failed; the pretty little house in Park Terrace had been sold, with its antique furniture, its bric-a-brac and rose-lined curtains, and here and there they were banished for the rest of their lives to the dismal, one-story farm-house, the sole relic of Carlos Winstanley's scattered fortune!

"It isn't like a city house," said the young man, cheerily; "but I've always had a sort of loving for a farm life, and we can be just as happy here as if it were a palace—can't we, Haddie?"

And Haddie, with a half-frightened glance at the restless waves of the Atlantic and the groups of cedars writhing in the blast, clung to his shoulder and whispered:

"Yes, but," she added with quivering lip, "it will be very lonely, won't it?"

"Sarella is coming to stay with us and help get settled," said Winstanley. "Why, what could such a butterfly as you do with all this confusion?"

Haddie said nothing. She could hardly tell her husband how much she feared and disliked his stern maiden sister, who stood up so straight, and wore her iron-gray hair twisted up into a tight knot at the back of her head, in an inexorable fashion, which made Haddie feel as if her gold frizzes and braids were vanity and vexation of spirit, instead of a way of looking over and beyond her, as if she (Haddie) were of no account whatever.

But Sarella was needed, and she came, just as she would have come to nurse a wounded soldier, or keep watch over a household of moaners, or scaret fever, or undertake any other difficult or thankless task.

And upon this rainy day, Sarella went backward and forward, and looked with a sort of contemptuous pity at the poor little wife, wrapped in her fleecy white shawl, with a rose in her hair and a book in her hand.

"Dear me, Harriet!" she had cried out when at last her slender thread of patience was quite exhausted; "why don't you do something?"

"What shall I do?" said Haddie, pitifully. "I'm sure there's enough to be done," said the rigid elder sister. "Can't you turn and sew that piece of carpet to the hall?"

"I never did such a thing in my life," said Haddie, crying the heap of carpeting as if it had been a wild beast ready to spring at her. "I don't think I could sew anything so big and heavy."

"There's all the china to be washed and sorted on the shelves," suggested Sarella grimly.

"I should be sure to break it," faltered Haddie.

"The curtains are all ready to be tacked up to the west-room windows," said Sarella, looking around for a tack-hammer.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," said Haddie, more frightened than ever. "I should be sure to turn giddy on top of that step-ladder."

Sarella looked disdainfully at her beautiful little sister-in-law. "I wonder what you are good for," said she, slightly.

Haddie hung her head, flushed scarlet, and said nothing.

"For all I can see," severely went on Sarella, "my big brother might as well have married a big wax doll. It was all very well so long as he was a merchant in receipt of a big income. But now—goodness me, what sort of a farmer's wife do you suppose you will make?"

"I don't know," confessed Haddie, feeling herself arraigned before a sort of consolidated inquisition.

"Do you know anything about butter and cheese?" demanded Sarella, relentlessly.

"No!"

"Did you ever make up a latch of bread? or pie? or cake?" sternly pursued this iron-hearted catechist.

"No," whispered Haddie.

"Can you cut and fit your own Kensington stitch?"

"I can make the Kensington stitch in antique lace, if that's what you mean."

"Antique lace! Kensington stitch!" echoed Sarella, in withering scorn. "Can you make your husband's shirt?"

"He buys them ready-made," faltered Haddie. "At least he always did."

"Humph!" said Sarella. "I suppose, now, you couldn't clean house, or wash up the curtains, or make a lot of currant jelly, to save your life?"

"No," said Haddie, with a trembling voice. "I'm afraid I couldn't."

"You are nothing more nor less than a burden to your husband," said Sarella, with the air of a Judge pronouncing sentence of doom. "You're no more fit to be married than yonder while kitten. And I pity Carlos from the very bottom of my heart, that I do!"

And, thus speaking, Sarella picked up the whitewash brush and stalked away, while poor little Haddie wailed out the beseeching words with which our story commences.

"Oh, Sarella, dear Sarella!" she pleaded, "I'll try to do my best."

"Your best!" repeated Sarella. "And what does that amount to? You're a 100-pound weight around his neck—a blight upon his future—that's what you are!"

And she whisked into the kitchen, while Haddie ran up stairs to the garret to have a good cry.

Haddie was very sad and pensive for a day or two. Carlos looked at her pitifully, afraid to ask if she were discontented in her new home, for he knew well that he had none other to offer her. Sarella sniffed at her selfish inefficiency, and the very scrubbing woman put on airs, while Betsey Baker, a neighbor, who came in to help with the "settling," caught the popular tune, and said, loftily:

"Please, Mrs. Winstanley, stand out of the way while we're stretching this carpet, and don't hinder us if you can't help us!"

At the end of the third day of domestic saturnalia, when Carlos Winstanley came home, Haddie was nowhere to be found, and on her cushion was pinned the following note:

DEAR CARLOS. Don't be vexed, but I have gone away to stay with Aunt Dorcas Deaton until the black farm is settled. I don't seem to be of much use to anybody, and perhaps Sarella will get along better without me. Affectionately your wife, H. W.

"There!" said Sarella to Betsey Baker. "Didn't I tell you so? She's so lazy she can't bear to see other folks work! And I don't know whatever Carlos was thinking of when he married her instead of Rosanna Martin, who took the first prize for bread and cake at the county fair, and has got a chest full of linen and bedquilts at home."

But she did not express herself thus plainly to Carlos, when he asked her, wistfully, if she knew why Haddie had gone away.

"I think she's sick of farms and farm-work," said Sarella, turning up her lips. "I think, Carlos, she's like the little portulaca in the garden under that old blossom when the sun shines."

And Carlos was more wretched than ever, fancying that he had darkened his young wife's life, and dragged her down into poverty with him.

"She will come back to me when she chooses," he said, sadly. "I shall not go after her."

And he grew paler, colder and more silent as he went about the duties of the farm; and Sarella, to use her own expression, "saw around as lively as a cricket," and put things into the neatest of order.

"We're better off without Harriet than with her, it's my opinion," said she to herself. "A china doll of a woman, only fit to be waited on and made much of. I do think Carlos was crazy when he married her."

At the month's end, however, Haddie came back, and fluttered down the lilac-shaded garden walk to meet her husband, like a bird, as he returned from his day's work.

"Oh, Carlos! Carlos!" she cried; "I am so glad to be here again!"

"Little one," he asked, almost reproachfully, "why did you leave me?"

"I have been learning—my profession. Oh! Carlos, you can never tell how awkward and helpless I felt here, in my own house, knowing that I was as ignorant as a child of all the things I needed most to comprehend. I love you—oh, so dearly—and I felt as unworthy of you—as unable to help you in your work as a wife should help her husband. Sarella despised my ignorance—the very servants looked down on me as a helpless doll; and they were right. But they shall never do so any more, for I've learned to be a housekeeper at last—Aunt Dorcas has taught me everything. I can make butter like

gold, and cheese that even Sarella will not scold. I shall prepare you some strawberry shortcake to-morrow, and my bread and biscuits are as light and as white as snow; and I've made you a shirt, Carlos, all by myself, and Aunt Dorcas says I needn't be ashamed of it; and I can wash and iron, and clear-starch as well as ever old Chloe did when I was a girl at home."

"Haddie! Haddie!" he cried. "Why did you do this?"

"For love of you," she answered, simply; "to be to you what a wife should be to her husband. You needn't think I am going to settle down into a common drudge, Carlos. I like Shakespeare and the Kensington stitch as well as ever. But a farmer's wife must be blind and helpless at the head of her own household, and I am thankful that I have learned to do all these things."

"You are an angel, Haddie!" he said, earnestly.

"I am only your true, loving little wife," she answered, hiding her face on his breast.

Sarella needed to stay at the beach farm no longer; Betsey Baker was dismissed, and Haddie took her place at the helm, and of all happy, efficient, stirring farmers' wives Mrs. Winstanley bore away the palm.

"I never supposed there was so much in her," said Sarella. "Carlos couldn't have made a better choice if he had tried for a year."

"It does best all," said Betsey Baker.

DINNER IN FRANCE.

Dinner in France is supposed to be the one great event of the day. So it is, but not because it is a feeding operation. On the contrary, this French meal is a domestic symposium, in which head and heart take precedence of the stomach. The interest and value of a meal in France depend more on the tales told on the culinary element.

Old Isaac Walton's dictum that the company makes the feast, and not the food, is of special significance in France. One rarely sees a Frenchman dining alone, not for the reason that he wants some one to look at, or to drink with, but because he wishes some one to talk to. Conversation, accordingly, renders the French table unique. I am inclined to think that the modern French dinner-table is the substitute for the old salon, to which the "best of reason and the flow of soul" used to be wistfully confined. In any event, the chief attraction of the French table nowadays is conversation.—Atlantic.

STOVES AND HEALTH.

Prof. J. R. Remsen, of the Johns Hopkins University, has been investigating the effect of cast-iron stoves on health—whether the stoves do or do not add deleterious gases to escape. The verdict is in favor of the stoves. Prof. Remsen finds that carbonic oxide—the gas alleged to be so deleterious—does not seep through red-hot cast-iron even of the thickness of an eighth of an inch. Moreover, a careful examination did not find in any one instance detectable deleterious gas given off by a well-constructed furnace. Where carbonic oxide gas is found, its presence, it is declared, is not due to its passing through cast-iron in any appreciable quantity.

A MICHIGAN AVENUE confectioner thought it would be rare sport to put cayenne pepper in the straw through which a boxman mason from the country was about to suck a glass of cooling lemonade. She sneaked vigorously, and then, after she recovered from the wild surprise that took possession of her, she reached for that joker, snatched him over the counter, and for about five minutes used him on the floor of the shop as she had often used the flail on the floor of her father's barn. He is willing to admit, considering all the circumstances, that some things do not pan out as much innocent mirth and fun as their appearance would indicate.—Detroit Free Press.

The Texas newspapers are advising the people of that State to cultivate the eucalyptus. A large part of that State's wide area is free from trees. The eucalyptus is valuable, not only for its wood, but also because it is a defense against malaria. An attempt was made to introduce it in Southern Georgia several years ago, but the tree succumbed to the cold winter of 1876-7. It has been very successfully cultivated in California.

A GERMAN philosopher has been experimenting as to the influence of intellectual labor upon the circulation of the blood. His observations show that the heart beats are increased two to three pulsations per minute. The greater the labor and the closer the attention, the greater the number of pulsations. Time this philosopher discovers that the steady and quiet, to which he had never given much attention, made his heart beat more rapidly than that of philosophy, with which he was already familiar.

Concerning the effect of arduous work-making upon the heart beats he does not appear to have recorded any observations.

In the office of a well-known physician in Pittsburgh is preserved the "smallest heart that ever beat in a human breast, so far as the records show." The organ is less than one-fourth the average size, and, strangely enough, it belonged to one of the "highest-hearted" men in the West. He was whole-souled, generous, sympathetic, gentle, and brave as a lion.

CALIFORNIA squaws wear bangs and chew pine-tree gum.

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not so wonderful as Hall's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

PLEASANTIES.

Small fat with four letters—O B O T. A STARTED business—Manufacturing whisky.

Circles make an educated because they exhibit brain.

Funny items should never be assigned to the grave.

"The old man eloquent"—When he comes home a trifle off.

The Philadelphia Sun thinks the dressmaker is a pattern woman.

A LAWYER should never burn coal. He gets along better with Onko than Blackstone.

The man who invented corsets was foolish, for he might have known they would all go to waist.

"WATERmelon-choly scene," said the small boy when the farmer's dog chased him out of the patch.

A HOMEY young girl has the consolation of knowing that, if she lives to be 40, she will be a pretty old girl.

"I don't like that cat; it's got splinters in its feet," was the excuse of a 4-year-old for throwing the kitten away.

A LITTLE heat that can't be beat, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little snow, and you're the doctor's pride; \$17.25 for ten visits.

An ambitious young writer having asked "what magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a story article."

CARLYLE, being once asked the difference between a natural fool and an educated fool, replied, "Just about the difference between you and me, I suspect." The questioner was never able to determine what kind of fool he was.

"I have a big boy and a little fellow quarrelling over some marbles to-day," said John. "Did you?" asked his father. "I hope you intended to stop their quarrelling." "Yes, yes," said John. "I took the little fellow's part."

An old man, with a head as destitute of hair as a watermelon, entered an Austin avenue drug store and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer.

"What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red-hair restorer. That was the color of my hair when I was a boy."—Texas Siftings.

HURRY UP, SIR. Dearest, delay not. Long have I waited; Sighed for the coming of those halcyon days; Fragrant as rosebuds, Pure as the dew; Dearest, delay not. I'm waiting for you.

"Just keep your bottle of whisky in your closet, and when the girl brings you your hotshower-water in the morning, you can mix your toddy quickly, and not a soul will know a thing about it," said the M. D. The plan worked well until the old man's daughter thought he must be going insane, because he wanted to shave five or six times a day.

ST LOUIS boasts of a mailing clerk whose extraordinary memory enables him to name every postoffice in the State and the county in which it is situated. A better test would be for some one to lend him a dollar and then call on him for payment in about three weeks. Two to one the wonderful memory would jump a cog under such a severe test. Ordinary memories always do.—Detroit Free Press.

IT WAS THE CAT. A Thomas cat and an old bodkin (buried through the yard). The cat's head at the old bodkin. But the bodkin's sticking in. For the cat's face of glowing pine (Fences are handy for cats, I mean). A narrow path for him to climb (But the bodkin hits the moving machine). Bodkin's and cat's head and tail for you (Oh, the cat can cut away). For me a corn and a small shoe (That hangs like a pall over a blighted day). For you plenty long and loud (That were once once ordered). For I'm with bodkin not ended (That shatters at my head).

"PANTHER SAM," of Texas, was a type of a class of men to be found in all communities. He laid claim to wonderful courage in fighting Indians, marvelous skill in marksmanship, and unexampled fleetness as a runner. Boasting of these qualities in a bar-room, he was challenged to a foot-race, and was beaten by a boy. When it came to shooting he could not hit a bat at thirty paces, and, after having been whipped by a drunken Indian, Panther Sam subsided.—New Orleans Picayune.

WOOL. If there should be a wool famine in a year or two, there would be nothing in the fact which would greatly surprise some of the principal authorities on wool matters. Not has carried off many sheep in England and on the continent, and it is said that sheep are in numbers far below the average. It may be that the American wool-grower is at last about to find his reward for having patiently clung to his sheep through the long period of low prices.

Modern journalism is not faultless by any means, but its faults are of the head rather than the heart, and seldom very serious. If the fault-finder would only search for and point out the merits they might help to cure much of which they complain.

An editor had occasion to use the expression, "Alpha and Omega." He was overwhelmed with delight when he found that the compositor had made it "apple and oranges." That evening the wretched manager fled from the city in wild haste.

No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Failing!

That is what a great many people are doing. They don't know just what is the matter, but they have a combination of pains and aches, and each month they grow worse.

The only sure remedy yet found is Brown's Iron Bitters, and this by rapid and thorough assimilation with the blood purifies and enriches it, and rich, strong blood flowing to every part of the system repairs the wasted tissues, drives out disease and gives health and strength.

This is why Brown's Iron Bitters will cure kidney and liver diseases, consumption, rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, malaria, intermittent fevers, &c.

Mr. Simon Hancock, a well-known citizen of Hagerstown, Maryland, says: "My wife had been sick for a long time, and her constitution was all broken down and she was unable to work. She was advised to take Brown's Iron Bitters, and found it to work like a charm. We would not now be without it for any emergency, and as a matter of fact, the last time we were sick."

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is not a drink and does not contain whiskey. It is the only preparation of food that causes no injurious effects. Get the genuine. Don't be imposed on with imitations.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, GEORGETOWN, KY.—On the Cincinnati Southern R. R. Located in the health and beautiful region of Kentucky. This college opened September 23, 1893. Institution in all branches of a college education. Its personnel professor. The degrees of B. S., A. B., and A. M. conferred. Useful course for those who can spend one or two years in college. Terms low for advantages offered. For catalogue or particulars, address early to H. M. DUNN, D. D., President, 100-4.

TO THE PUBLIC.—We will now pay special attention to—CUSTOM GRINDING.

We promise to give satisfaction, and when desired will give Patent Flour for Wheat. Co. make either bolted or unbolted meal.

ROBBER.—Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their contents, and the bodies are left in a state of exposure, and the health of the community is endangered by the use of the great.

GERMAN INVIGORATOR! Which positively and permanently cures Impotency, caused by excess in sexual life, and all diseases of the system, and all diseases that follow a course of self-abuse, as loss of energy, loss of memory, nervous debility, pain in the back, dimness of vision, premature old age, and many other diseases that lead to consumption and premature grave. See full particulars in the book, "The German Invigorator," sent by mail. The INVIGORATOR is sold at 25 cents per bottle, or six bottles for \$1.50. Druggists, or will be sent free by mail, securely sealed, on receipt of price, by addressing

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST, SOUTH.—Rev. H. C. Morrison, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening, except the third. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Rev. H. C. Morrison, Superintendent.

BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Bates, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. H. K. Harrow Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN.—Worship by the congregation every Lord's Day. Teaching by Rev. J. W. Cox on Second and Fourth Lord's days. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. J. W. Cox, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting on Wednesday nights.

PRESBYTERIAN, SOUTH.—Rev. I. R. McMillan, Pastor. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. J. W. Cox, Superintendent. Union Prayer Meeting on Wednesday nights.

W. P. WALTON, Proprietor. Bites of Hags, 20¢ each. Night and day also bites of Hags. Biting capacity, including gallery, 100. Reasonable rates for good accommodations. Address as above.

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